

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



*DESIGNED FOR THE AD-  
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

PUBLISHED *κ* SEMI-MONTHLY  
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DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

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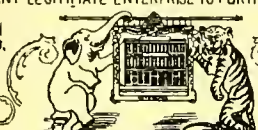
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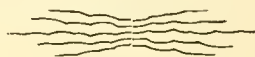
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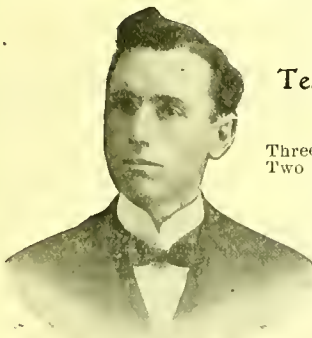
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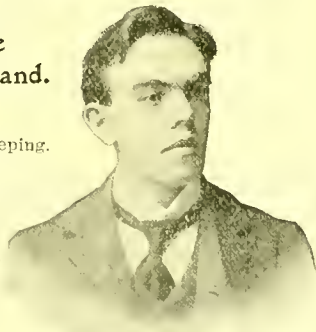
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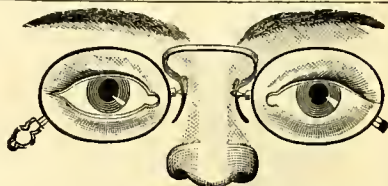
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LeRoy Taylor, City  
Lillie Reiser, City  
Cora Seager, Ogden  
Rettie Stevenson, City  
H. F. Wright, Hinckley, Utah  
L. M. Brienholt, Redmond, Utah  
Thos. T. Mendenhall, Mapleton, U  
J. Leo Parkinson, Preston, Idaho

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Gertie Waterfall, Mercur, Utah  
Hazel Staker, Butler, Utah  
Ida Chandler, Willard, Utah  
Amy Cail, Logan, Utah  
Ethel Lambert, Granger, Utah  
Mrs. Louisa Shields, Lincoln, Utah  
Verner Neilson, Hyrum, Utah  
Della Brandley, Richfield, Utah  
Wm. T. Tew, Jr., Mapleton, Utah  
Hazel Dean Golden, Nephi  
Mrs. Jane Robinson, Lake Town U  
Priscilla Swenson, Spanish Fork U  
J. L. Workman, Virgin, Utah  
F. P. Thompson, Fort Bridger, Wyo  
Mrs. Oren Skelton, Randolph, U  
Myrtle Aplanaip, Midway, Utah

## THREE MINUTES.

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Alice L. Farnsworth, Manti, Utah  
E. H. Clark, Springville, Utah  
Mrs. W. G. Davis, Samaria, Idaho  
Nannie Smith, Manassa, Colorado  
Addie Johnson, Springville, Utah  
Mabel Peterson, Midway, Utah  
Fred Merrill, Lehi, Utah  
S. H. Ballantine, Ogden  
Jons P. Jonsson, Logan, Utah  
Martha Stringam, Freemont, U  
Ruby Snow, Mapleton, Utah

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S. E. Joseph, Plymouth, Utah  
Eliza Cook, Border, Wyoming  
Sam'l F. Smith, Woodruff, Arizona  
Lewis W. Larsen, Cove, Utah

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Jennie M. Rowe, Spanish Fork, U  
Mahonri Thompson, Ephraim, U  
Beatrice Blake, Sandy  
John Wm. Craven, Provo Utah  
Wm. M. McKay, Huntsville, Utah  
Lucy Jepson, Virgin, Utah  
Annie M. Dalley, Summit, Utah  
May Grover, City  
Hettie I. Irons, Moroni  
Mrs. Linda Myrup, Centerfield  
Mina Bird, Mapleton, Utah

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Nellie Wilson, Henry, Idaho  
Andrew Gatherum, Provo, Utah  
Walter M. Ross, Pocatello, Idaho  
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John Nuttall, Vineyard, Utah

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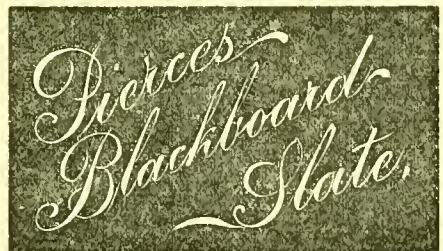
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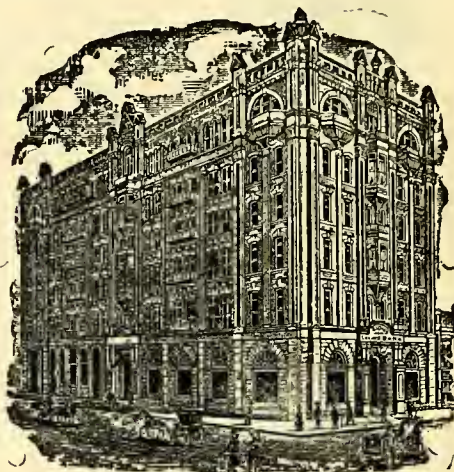
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# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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No. 10.

## LIVES OF OUR LEADERS.—THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY.

PRESIDENT C. D. FJELDSTED.

CHRISTIAN DANIEL FJELDSTED was born February 20th, 1829, in Lundbyvester, a suburb of Copenhagen, Denmark. His parents moved in the humbler walks of life, and belonged to the respectable working class. Thus the subject of this sketch was taught early in life to work for a livelihood, and he learned the trade of a moulder. After the death of his father, he was obliged, though only ten years old, to do all he could toward supporting his mother. At the age of twenty he married a wife, and in 1851 he first heard the glorious truths of the Gospel preached; for it had been brought to Denmark the year before through the instrumentality of Apostle Erastus Snow and his fellow-missionaries. Brother Fjeldsted believed and was baptized, together with his young wife, on February 20, 1852, by Christian Samuel Hansen, and confirmed by Ole N. C. Monster. Soon afterwards Brother Fjeldsted began to preach and bear testimony to his fellow-workmen, as he felt anxious that they should enjoy the same blessings that he had become a partaker of. As soon as his employer heard of this he dismissed him from his service one cold winter day, which virtually meant that he was turned into the street without a penny for the support of

himself and family. After a short time, however, he obtained other employment.

Not long after his baptism he was ordained to the Priesthood and appointed to preside over a district on the island of Amager; he then held weekly meetings in his home. On Sundays he usually performed missionary work in the neighboring towns and villages. July 25th, 1853, he was ordained an Elder by Peter O. Hansen, and in the fall of 1855 he was called to labor as a traveling Elder in the Copenhagen conference. After working in that capacity for about one year he was appointed to preside over the Aalborg conference. In this calling he was signally blessed, and hundreds of people identified themselves with the Church during his two years' presidency. In 1858 he emigrated with his family to Utah, arriving in Salt Lake City in October of that year. He made his home in the Sugar House Ward, where he took an active part in Church affairs and also performed much hard manual labor in order to support himself and family. He was ordained a Seventy, February 5, 1859, by Elder William H. Walker. In 1867, he was called on a mission to Scandinavia. Accompanied by other Elders he crossed the plains in an ox train, and reached Copenhagen, Denmark, after

eight weeks' travel. During the first year of his mission he presided over the Aalborg conference; later he labored as a traveling Elder in the Scandinavian mission, and finally was appointed to take charge of the Christiania conference, Norway. Being honorably released, he returned home in 1870. Two years later he was called to labor as a missionary among the Scandinavian Saints in the northern counties of Utah, and he located at Logan, Cache County, which is still his home.

In 1881, he was called by President John Taylor to take another mission to Scandinavia, this time to preside over the mission. He occupied this position about two years and a half, and after his return home in 1884, he was ordained one of the First Seven Presidents of the Seventy by President Wilford Woodruff. This ordination took place April 28, 1884. In 1886 he was called on another mission to Scandinavia, when he labored as a traveling Elder in the Scandinavian mission for two years, and then succeeded Elder Nils C. Flygare in the presidency of the mission. After an absence of four years he returned to his mountain home in 1890, and resumed his labors among the Seventies. In the

spring of 1897 he was called on a special mission to Chicago, when he assisted in the raising up of a branch of the Church, consisting largely of Scandinavians. He returned to Utah in the fall of the same year. In the beginning of April, 1901, he left his home on still another mission to Scandinavia.

President Fjeldsted is universally loved and respected by all who know him. Especially is this the case with the Scandinavian Saints, in whose interest he has devoted nearly his entire life. His affable manner and pleasant, genial nature has paved his way to the hearts of the people, both Saints and strangers, and now toward the evening of his earthly career he certainly has the satisfaction of knowing that his life's labor has been a success, and that his efforts have been appreciated. His untiring devotion to his Master's cause has classed him among God's noblemen, and as long as the knowledge of the great missionary work done by the Latter-day Saint Elders in the nineteenth century shall be remembered and remain matters of record, the name of Elder Christian Daniel Fjeldsted will be had in honorable remembrance as one of the most energetic and faithful among them.



## PEON LIFE IN MEXICO.

### II.—YOUTH.

**Y**OUTH, manhood and old age among the Mexicans are as diverse from those periods in our lives as is that of childhood. The labors with which mature life begins especially in the mines, possess an intense interest and tend strongly to give the peon his peculiar cast of nature. Courtship is both unique and amusing, while around age hovers an element of sadness, and death comes as a joy-giving release.

Let us speak of the mines first. When the Spaniards came to Mexico (1519) they found immense quantities of gold and silver displayed as ornaments and hoarded as treasure by the Aztec people. The conversion of the heathen to Christianity was the pretended first motive in making the conquest, but after events proved it to be an insatiable thirst for gold. As a reason for their constant cry for this metal Cortez told Montezuma that the Spaniards had a loathsome disease



for which gold was a specific remedy. Therefore when the Aztec power had been broken and the national treasury looted, the conquerors ranged over the country in search of sources of wealth. The old native diggings were torn to pieces, new deposits were found, but they were worked without system and without great profit. The acquired territory was scoured by anxious parties in the double quest of souls to save and riches to mine.

In the want of modern machinery the Spaniards adopted the Aztec methods and compelled the subjected natives to carry the ore out of the mines on their backs. While today the introduction of advanced processes has given an impetus and civilized turn to this industry, still in many parts extensive works are developed with the exclusive use of this antiquated system.

For several years Carlos and his father have been earning a living at one of these mines. The boy has grown to be an awkward youth, ill-shaped and with shuffling movements. His straw hat on which the rain has fallen and the sun beaten for many months, half conceals his dark, coarse face, fringed with an uncertain growth of whiskers. His white, loose shirt has become short in the sleeves, and the top buttons missing reveal the absence of underwear. A string around the waist supports the sack-like trousers. These have been changed from their original whiteness by several weeks of unscrupulous wearing. A space of uncovered nature intervenes between the bottoms of these and the well-thronged sandals that protect his feet from stones, etc. Such a picture does Carlos present in the crudeness of undeveloped manhood.

The mine in which he and his father work is on the side of the mountain, reached after hard climbing up a winding path. Over it is a sombre structure and near its mouth stands a large pair of scales. At short intervals three men in a group emerge from the opening. They come forward and each swings

from his back a rawhide sack filled with ore. The first one puts his upon the scales, it is weighed and he receives credit for the number of pounds it contains. Each follows and the same procedure is gone through with. As they straighten up, a chance is given to examine them. They are not large, perhaps neither would weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, but their strained muscles appear like bands of sinew. They are nude above the waist and their bodies are bathed in perspiration, which stands out like beads upon their foreheads, and most prominently where the strap has almost imbedded itself. They seem very much exhausted. As they sit to rest each rolls and lights a cigarette. After a few minutes they take up their *surones*, or sacks and re-enter.

A day's work with these men is not measured by hours. They must bring a certain amount of ore to the surface, this done the daily stipend is earned. The sacks hold from seventy-five to one hundred pounds and generally are filled.

Having a guide and a good supply of candles it is of interest to follow them on one of their trips. Inside the mine there is no systematic net-work of tunnels and shafts, neither stopes to work down. The ore is carbonate and is found in large deposits, or pockets, which, being removed, leaves huge vaults. The dim flicker of the candle sends its shafts into the underground darkness and occasionally gives glimpses of the concave roof above, or reveals pending stalactites, long and slender like inverted spires, which, on being touched, fill the silence with tinkling music. The dome is often covered with a fretted whiteness—mineral frost—that glistens like a bank of fluffy snow flakes and crumbles to dust in the hand. There are columns also, raised by the drippings of ages reaching to meet those hanging from above. It is a palace nature has formed unseen.

A person unaccustomed to the mine could not hope to keep pace with the workmen. Many times he would stop and hesitate, fear-

ing to follow the guide's leading; but they, trotting where the route will admit of it, hurrying through narrow passages, climbing over boulders and down declivities, making rapid descent over steep ladders without touching the hands, after numerous turns and many dangers they soon arrive at the bottom, six hundred feet from the sunlight. Hours would be required for a stranger to pass over the same ground.

In the *pozo* (bottom) are several men to fill the sacks and loosen up the ore. The place is extremely hot, so hot, in fact, that the miners apply to it the name *infierno* (hell) as the temperature approaches so near their conception of the temperature of that region. The air is foul, the perspiration starts without exertion. Frequently small veins of ore are found leading from the main body. These the miner must follow. Like a gopher he burrows into the wall, "prospecting," to see if the metal "plays out" or develops into something promising. Any kind of clothing is uncomfortable, and he digs on with just room enough in which to turn, and clad only in nature's covering. A shift here is seldom over three hours. Longer confinement in the noisome hole often proves fatal.

The *surones* are filled and the ascent begins. The men go in parties of three, the middle one carrying the candle. They bend forward beneath the weight of their burdens and move but slowly for the upward climb is long and tiring. For a little way the incline is gentle but soon is broken by an abrupt cliff, from the top to the bottom of which, at a steep angle, is a straight pole about six inches in diameter with deep notches cut in its outer face fifteen inches apart and large enough to admit the inner side of the foot. This, by foreigners called a "chicken ladder," is the only means of ascent. The man in the lead puts his left hand around the pole and with his right steadies the *suron* on his back, and then, placing the inside of the foot in one of the notches and advancing the other to the notch above, climbs upward.

The others follow oblivious to everything save the task before them. Each step is taken with great care, each foot is planted with precision. There is necessity for this care, for, should one fall, the jagged cliffs below await perhaps to receive all three. Should the light go out they would be left in the blackest of darkness to grope their way up the slender pole to a secure place above where it could be relighted. Many of these ladders have been used for years and have become weakened by decay, and they creak and bend beneath the weight upon them. Should one break, which thing sometimes occurs, death on the pointed rocks over which they have climbed would be inevitable. But they pass on securely, now edging some dark cavern, winding through shadowy labyrinths of stone, or feeling their way cautiously over narrow bridges. The silence is profound. Nothing is heard save their heavy breathing and the regular cadence of their own foot-falls on the hard path. There is no time to rest. They move doggedly on, their bodies bending farther forward and their hands resting on their knees for support. Near the top an ingoing party is met chanting some popular song, but the others are too weary to sing or even heed the good-natured jocularity of their friends.

Such is the daily experience of Carlos. As a boy he did odd jobs about the mines and with maturity was promoted to a man's labor. His manners are still unformed, but there is something of sprightliness coming into his life, new influences and strange emotions have begun to act upon him, he is on the verge of an important change—he has fallen in love.

In order the better to understand the oddities of Mexican courtship a brief historical reference is necessary. When the Catholic religion took the place of the pagan worship of the Aztecs, monasteries were erected in all parts of the nation. The church made converts rapidly and the idea of the necessity of the separation of the sexes was taken up by the natives and had immediate effect

on their social life. Constant effort was made to keep the young people apart. Correspondence was allowed between couples but the parents assumed the contract-making right. The lovers, however, often resorted to artifice in order to spend a few moments together alone. The customs adopted centuries ago have come down to the present, and Carlos, as his ancestors have done, must submit to the embarrassment.

He did not become acquainted with Maria, the object of his affections, in the theatre, in a social gathering or in a ball-room; but one day going down the street of the village he met her, her arms, neck and feet bare, her jet black hair braided below the waist, her full black eyes emitting a convivial light that somehow caught his fancy at once. He followed her at a respectful distance, as his fathers had done with their brides, and hoping she would take notice of him. This is the customary way of finding out where a young lady lives and of ascertaining whether a suitor's attentions will be accepted, the lady showing her favorable inclination by an acknowledgment of his presence by some sign, or her disinclination by ignoring him.

Maria's home faces on the street with no fence or lawns intervening. A set of iron bars about six inches apart stand out from the wall and incase the windows. Through these afterwards Carlos caught glimpses of Maria and often thought he saw her smile in response to his ardent glances. He soon began to take regular evening strolls by her window and she as regularly would sit near to await his coming, not trying to conceal the awaking emotions within her. Shut in from all the social world, often she had dreamed of the flirtations some day she would carry on through the iron bars, and the presence of their fulfillment gave a thrill of new interest to life.

This new experience had a wonderful effect on Carlos' exterior. He laid aside his old straw hat and bought a sombrero, the pride of every Mexican. It had a broad brim

and high crown, coming to a point at the top and decked in tinsel, gold lace and beads. His shirt sleeves were covered with a snugly fitting coat that came just to the waist. He threw away his white trousers and replaced them with a pair of tanned skin, brown in color and fitting skin-tight to the ankles and flaring out bell-shaped over the tops of his tooth-pick shoes. He wore a red and green sash tied so as to let one end hang down on each side. In such a guise he dressed his poverty while courting the favors of Maria.

She likewise changed or added to her former costume, for she no longer went with her brown arms and neck uncovered and without shoes.

Many weeks passed before Carlos could muster sufficient courage to speak to Maria. At last he managed to stammer out a few words of salutation. A few evenings later he held her hand between the bars of the window. Thenceforth no one knew how many hours thus they spent concealed by the night's darkness.

Had Maria lived on the second or third floor Carlos would have found love-making much more inconvenient and fraught with more intense and unsatisfied longings. Then he would have had to be content to stand in the street below and gaze at her smiling upon him from above. She could never have tested his devotion until a storm came up. Then if, in the down-pour, he maintained his position, his eyes fixed upon the window and all indifferent to the drenching he was getting, she would have taken the act as proof positive of his attachment and never would have doubted him more.

After some months Carlos is admitted to the house. He may talk with Maria, but the mother or some member of the family is always present. They may go to the theatre, hall, or to walk in the plaza, but not alone—they must be accompanied that not a moment be spent in the quiet and unwatched enjoyment of each other's society.

When the young man asks the father for



his daughter's hand an interesting scene is enacted. The old gentleman stamps up and down the room with every semblance of anger, occasionally stopping to gesticulate his

disapprobation of any movement designed to take Maria from him, and especially to let her go away with an inferior. At last, exhausted he sits down having given no def-



MARIA.

inite answer. Carlos takes a hasty departure, happier than ever before in his life; for had the father smilingly bade him take his daughter and have lavished his best wishes upon them, the wooer never would have returned. All the performance he saw merely told him that, although her going was regretted, consent was given.

In the years that are before them they may do as their parents have done, making each day provide for its own wants and smoking and eating and drinking life away; and, it may be, for a small allowance of food and a place to sleep, selling themselves to

toil for a master, to lie down in the end, their children having wandered from them, to spend the closing moments alone under the roof of another.

There is another side of Mexican life where wealth and comfort abound. This I have not attempted to touch. I have followed a peon child from birth and have let him represent a large portion of peon children. But where he is ignorant, another part of the population is learned; where laboring and suffering, others have ease and the things that alleviate pain.

*Malcolm Little.*



## HISTORY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

### FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

#### CHAPTER X.

Paul and his Companions Visit Thessalonica—They are Entertained by Jason—Jason Before the Magistrate—Paul leaves Thessalonica and goes to Berea, where he makes many Converts—He is Persecuted by Jews from Thessalonica, and Returns to Athens—His Disputations with the Philosophers—His Arrival and Stay in Corinth.

**A** JOURNEY of nearly one hundred miles west from Philippi, brought Paul and his companions to the rich and populous city of Thessalonica.\* Here a synagogue had been built by the Jews, and for three Sabbath days Paul and Silas, as was their

custom, met with the Jews in their religious assemblies, and reasoned with them from the Scriptures. A great multitude of devout Greeks, and many of the city's chief women embraced the Gospel, which moved the unbelieving Jews to envy.

These gathered together a mob of base fellows, who set the city in an uproar. Proceeding to the house of a man named Jason, by whom Paul and his companions were being entertained, the mob demanded that the missionaries be turned over to them. On learning of the approach of the mob, the brethren hid themselves. Not being able to find Paul and Silas, the mob turned their attention to Jason and certain members of the Church, whom they arrested, and brought before the rulers of the city. They charged Jason with having entertained men who «had turned the world upside down,» and had taught things contrary to the decrees of Cæsar, «saying that there was another king, one Jesus.»

After hearing the charges, the rulers

\* Thessalonica, an ancient city of Macedonia, on the coast, nearly one hundred miles westerly from Philippi, and about four hundred from Constantinople. At the time Paul preached at Thessalonica, it was a rich and populous city, and still contains sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants.



warned Jason and the brethren against harboring Paul and his companions, and then let them go. That night Paul and Silas left Thessalonica and went to the city of Berea,\* where they were kindly received by the people, among whom they made many converts. But when the Jews, who had opposed Paul and Silas in Thessalonica, heard of the success which they were having in Berea, they came over and began to stir up the people of Berea against them. Owing to this state of affairs, Paul thought it better for him to leave that place, which he did, and was conducted by some of the brethren in a ship to the city of Athens,† where he was joined later by Timothy and Silas.

Paul found the people of Athens buried in the most abominable idolatry. Not an altar could be found in the city erected to the true God; but on the contrary he found the people worshipping idols, of which it is said there were 30,000 in the city. The Apostle visited the people in their synagogue, and proclaimed against their idolatrous forms of worship.

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\* Berea, a populous city of Macedonia, from thirty to fifty miles south-west from Thessalonica. It was the birthplace of Alexander the Great.

† Athens, one of the most celebrated cities of Greece, and capital of the ancient province of Attica. It was founded 1856 years before the Christian era by Cecrops, at the head of an Egyptian colony. \* \* \* The city, distinguished as it was for its learning and learned men, was wholly given to idolatry. The idols of Athens numbered 30,000. Mountains, valleys, rivers, etc., had their tutelar divinities, which led Patronins to say it «was easier to find a god in Athens than it was a man.» \* \* \* The illustrious men of Athens were numerous. Among them were Solon and Plato, Aristotle, Socrates and Demosthenes, and many others. In sculpture and painting Athens excelled; and there still exists there splendid specimens of ancient architecture. The city contains at the present time about ten thousand inhabitants, four-fifths of whom are Greek Christians; the rest are Turks.

He reasoned with certain philosophers of the Epicureans,\* and of the Stoics,† telling them that the true God was not like their dumb idols. He told them that God was Lord of heaven and earth, that He had created of one blood all men who dwelt upon the face of the earth, and being their Creator, He had commanded all men everywhere to repent of their sins, and turn and worship Him in whom they lived and moved and had their being. He preached unto them, through Jesus Christ, the resurrection of the dead, which caused many of them to mock him. He made but a few converts in Athens, and his companions and he finally left the city and went to Corinth,‡ where he took up his abode with a man named Aquila and his wife Priscilla. These people were tent-makers, and Paul, for a season, worked with them.

Every Sabbath day Paul attended the Jewish services, where he reasoned with the Jews and Greeks. Here he was joined by Silas and Timothy,§ who brought contributions for the Apostle's support from Macedonia, and with them he preached the Gospel and testified to

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\* Epicurus, the founder of the Epicurean school of philosophy, was born in Samos, 342 B. C.; died at Athens, 270 B. C. He taught that pleasure was the only end of rational action, the highest human happiness: hence, Epicurean, one given to ease and luxury.

† Stoics, disciples of the Greek philosopher, Zeno, who founded a sect in 308 B. C., and taught in the porch (*stoa*,) a public portico in Athens. He taught that men should be free from passion, unmoved by joy or grief. The Stoics are known principally for the sternness and austerity of their doctrine.

‡ Corinth, a large commercial city, situated on the southern part of the isthmus which joins the Peloponnesus (the modern Morea) to the main land. It had two parts, Lechaum on the west, and Cenchrea on the east. The city was filled with magnificent palaces, temples, theatres, and other buildings, but its inhabitants were addicted to all manner of vice and profligacy.

§ Acts 18: 5.





PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

the divinity of Christ. This caused some of those who opposed him to blaspheme, and on hearing this Paul shook his raiment before them and said: «Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean: from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles.»\*

But the Lord told Paul in a vision in the night time not to leave Corinth, for there were many souls in that city who would be-

lieve his testimony and embrace the Gospel. He comforted him with this promise: «Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city.»\*

Paul remained for a year and a half in Corinth, and had joy in seeing the words of the Lord fulfilled, in the conversion of many souls.

\* Acts 18: 6.

\* Acts 18: 9, 10.

## THE LAST OF MEXICO.

IN the little frontier city of Comitán it really seems that Mexico is behind us. Guatemalan coins are much more common than Mexican and the people seem more closely allied to the southern republic than to the one to which they owe allegiance. Comitán lies high up in the mountains. Every night the clouds descend upon the city and the surrounding fields and hills, so that the verdure is a remarkably pleasing contrast to the hot, arid region through which we have passed.

From Mitla we had a long down-hill journey to Tehuantepec. During the ten days of travel we passed through but one city of importance, San Carlos, the county seat of a district of the same name. We had a letter of introduction to the *jefe político*, who permitted us to put up our tents in the plaza and sent a peon out into the hills with our animals. These *jefe políticos* are the executive officers of the various districts in each state. They are appointed by the governor and are responsible to him alone. Under them are the judges and all other officers of the county. Naturally they are autocrats in the sphere in which they move and their will is law.

For two or three days after leaving San Carlos there was no incident to break the monotony. Then on Saturday, February 16th, we lost our way and followed a trail until five o'clock in the afternoon, finding neither water nor grass for our animals, nor passing a single ranch. At sundown we came to an Indian hut, where we could buy a few tortillas for ourselves, but there was only about half a bushel of corn and five small bundles of fodder to divide among our twenty-one beasts of burden. Of course it was impossible to stop over Sunday in such a place. We rolled up in our blankets and lay down amid the pigs and fleas to try to secure a little rest and then, at 10:30 p. m., we packed up and made a night drive, reaching Tehuantepec at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning. The

only place that we could find to camp in was a dirty little back yard, but even this was something to be thankful for. Our unpacking was finished just as the dawn broke and we managed to get a couple of hours' sleep before the hot sun routed us out.

Tehuantepec is the hottest, most unhealthy and most expensive town that we have visited. It is also the most picturesque and interesting. As soon as our animals were fed we visited the market. An unsightly place it was, where stale fish, refuse meat, and half-spoiled vegetables were sold by unkempt and almost unclad Indian women. We were turning away in disgust when an American prospector informed us that this was only the poor market. The real thing was on the opposite side of the river. So we walk across the high railroad bridge and see below us a strange picture. The river up and down as far as we can view is fairly alive with people bathing—men, women and children. Along the banks scores of women are washing their clothes. Horses and mules by the hundred are brought down into the river for a cool bath. We suppose that this is a special Sunday sight, but are informed that it is the regular program for every day of the year, except during the rainy season. This constant ablution is a great preventive of yellow-fever, though, as all the drinking water for the city comes from the river, it may also produce much disease.

The main market was a surprise in many ways. Everything is for sale from a single pin to a whole ox. The market is divided into five principal divisions. In the first, flowers and vegetables are exposed for sale—such flowers! Callas, cannas, amaryllis, Chinese lilies, hyacinths, in fact almost every rare and fragrant bulbous plant that our conservatories take pride in was found here in abundance. The next section was devoted to fish, eggs and poultry. Groceries and refreshments, both solid and liquid, came next. De-



partment No. 4 was stocked with dry goods, boots, shoes, saddles and other leather products, while the last division contained fresh and dried meats.

Women were the only venders and they wore the picturesque costume of the Tehuantepec Indians, with jewelry enough to satisfy an oriental. Many of them had decidedly Semitic features. The home costume of these women is limited to two garments—a skirt, which consists simply of a few yards of white or blue cotton cloth, wrapped several times about the limbs and fastened by an ingenious tuck at the waist. Buttons, pins, etc, seem to be absolutely unknown. This skirt is indispensable, save, when at the river or engaged in cooking at home. It reaches half way between the ankles and knees. The feet are always unshod. The other necessary article is the Tehuantepec jacket—very short and very showy. It is cut low in the neck, with short sleeves, rounded in front and never quite reaches the skirt. The separation is quite noticeable. Jackets are usually made of some bright red, woolen stuff and trimmed with rows of gold braid. Jewelry, too, is worn in the house as much as on the street. Some of these bare-footed market women carried enough jewelry about them to buy a house and lot in Salt Lake. American gold coins are in demand for necklaces, breastpins, earrings, nose and forehead ornaments. The precious stones, save the opals and turquoise, seemed to be a pretty fair quality of glass, but on the gold there was the American eagle. We saw one woman selling fish who had a necklace of eagles, with two twenty dollar pieces for a broach, a twenty hanging from each ear and several half eagles plastered about her forehead. The woman without the coin necklace or gold earrings is the exception and not the rule.

The street and market costume adds a head-dress, made of lace, ribbon-trimmed, starched and frilled. It stands out from the swarthy face like an antique poke-bonnet, and the veil hangs below the waist. The street

skirt, is put on over the house-garment. It reaches from the waist nearly to the knees. It is made very tight and certainly interferes with walking. The prevailing colors for skirts are green and blue, invariably spotted with polka dots of red and yellow. Not only did the market-women delight in the curiosity and admiration that their costumes afforded us, but some, with pride, exhibited their half-white and unhealthy looking children, remarking that their fathers were Americans. In fact the morals at Tehuantepec bear a decided resemblance to those among certain classes of the natives of the Hawaiian Islands.

From Tehuantepec a ride of four days took



CACTUS HEDGE IN CHIAPAS.

us over the hot and level coast plain of the isthmus. The scenery constantly reminded us of pictures that we had seen near Mazatlan. There we commenced once more a climb—this time among the mountains of Chiapas. For a week we traveled through a beautiful upland region, received with uniform hospitality by Indians and Mexicans alike. One night an Indian band gave us a Xylophone serenade after we had all retired. They refused any compensation but were willing to have their pictures taken the next morning. Unfortunately when they put in their appearance they had borrowed much better and not nearly



so picturesque clothes as they had worn the night before. Their leader, as they played, sang a toast to our healths, punctuating his



THE XYLOPHONE QUARTET.

remarks from the bottle with which he beat time.

On Saturday, March 2, we arrived at the little Indian ranch of Agua Dulci, where pasturage was good and corn cheap. It was an excellent place to rest. On the following day President Cluff, accompanied by Brothers Kienke, Magleby and Henning started on foot to visit the ruins of Palenque. They expected to be away from us for seventeen

days and we were to meet at Comitan. Already three weeks have passed and they have not come, but we have heard that they will arrive tomorrow.

Those of us who remained at Agua Dulci spent the time very profitably in work and study. Near our camp were the ruins of an ancient city. The mounds and terraces are in good state of preservation and this city seems to be but one of a great number that extended south into Central America. We have also been able to trace, in many places, the paved road that connected them. It is evidently much older than any Spanish work. Our camp near Comitan is on the site of similar ruins. It is about four miles from the city, from which we get our tortillas and supplies. The level, upland plain is covered with bands of horses and cattle. There seems to be absolutely no agriculture in the vicinity though all the climatic conditions are favorable. The Mexicans consider it too cold. To us the weather and temperature are delightful, but they consider Comitan a kind of sub-Arctic city. We are bound to like Comitan, no matter what its conditions, because it is the last city in Mexico.

W. M. W.

Rancho San Antonio,  
Comitan, Mexico.  
March 25, 1901.



### AN UNEXPECTED REPROOF.

**A**BOUT the year 1856 I belonged to a branch of the Church at Maghrafelt, County Derry, Ireland. The membership of the branch consisted of Edward L. Sloan and wife, a young woman, and myself—four in all. Elder Sloan was the president. I traveled around County Derry tuning

pianos for a livelihood, and was thus brought in contact with many families. This gave me an opportunity to preach the Gospel in the homes of the people—an opportunity that I was not slow to take advantage of. In this way I was able to do considerable missionary work.

One day, as I was walking along the road about two miles distant from Maghrafelt, I began to think that I was doing a great deal for the Lord; I was preaching the Gospel in the houses which I visited, and doing more than any Elder could do, because my business furnished me opportunities not enjoyed by any Elder; and the thought suggested itself to me that I had no right to pay tithing, seeing that I was laboring so much for the Lord in other directions. I had tithing in my pocket at the time, intending to pay it to Brother Sloan; but I came to the conclusion that I would only pay half of it. Continuing in this frame of mind, I had not gone far when it occurred to me that I had no right to pay tithing at all. I began to look upon myself as a very important personage, and that it was hardly possible for the Church to get along without me. So I concluded I would not pay any tithing.

At this juncture I looked over my shoulder and observed a man in a cart coming slowly my way. I remember well turning off the footpath, and as I turned I asked myself, What will you say about your tithing? I

decided to tell Brother Sloan that I hadn't any. As the cart passed me on the road, I jumped into it, without receiving any invitation from the driver, who was an old man. It was not difficult for me to do this, because the horse was walking. It is usual in that country to say «Good morning», or «It's a fine day,» or something of that kind, when you meet a person; but he never offered one word of salutation to me. He made one remark, however, which startled me; it was this: «*Why, sir, what a curious thing that was that happened to Ananias and Sapphira of old!*» That was all he said, nothing more, and you can imagine the effect it had upon me. The blood seemed to stand still in my heart. I never answered a word. Feeling like a dog whipped with a lash, I jumped out of the cart and walked the remainder of my journey, thinking of this saying all the time. As soon as I reached Maghrafelt I went to Brother Sloan and paid my tithing. I did not at that time tell him my experience, for I was ashamed; but afterwards I related it to him.

Since then I have never sought to avoid paying tithing.

C. Y. Taggart.



## MY INTRODUCTION TO THE SOUTHERN STATES.

**K**NOWING the keen interest that is felt among the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in the experiences of the Elders as they perigrate from place to place. I thought some of mine might prove somewhat interesting. It seems to be, to me at least, my first day, (or night,) in the mission field was somewhat amusing if not deeply interesting. My assignment was to the Southern States, and from Chattanooga I was detailed to the North Alabama conference, and my field of labor a small settlement in the

northern part of Alabama called Molder, about six miles from the railroad station.

It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when the train slowed up at Brownsborough, a little station of about six houses besides the depot. It was a flag station and even the agent was not in attendance. I had, before leaving the office at Chattanooga, loaded myself up with books, tracts, personal effects, etc., such as the average Elder does, and of course was not provided with an automobile to travel overland.

It happened to be in the latter part of August, and in the dark of the moon; the stars were, however, shining, and the map I had indicated I must travel north. After locating the north star as a guide I bravely, though somewhat wearily, picked up my burden and started out. I had walked about two miles without meeting anyone, and no sign of life or light except that which shone from the stars and at one house through the chinks of the lumber.

I walked up to this house amid a vociferous chorus of dogs, and after shouting "hullo" a sleepy response was received in the broad dialect of the southern negro. I enquired the way to my destination, but the inmates could not tell me except that it was "somewha' in ah nothaley direction," a fact I already had in my possession.

I pushed on again, not wishing to "lay out," and yet I was "powerful tired." After traveling another mile I met an old darkey on horseback who had evidently been playing a fiddle at some dance. He informed me that one "Joe Spriggs" sometimes took in travelers—he "kept in that house on the top of the hill."

I trudged along and soon located the house and after some delay I finally aroused mine host, Spriggs, who thinking I was some tramp rather brusquely informed me he had no room for me.

I then requested permission to remain over night in his barn. To this he assented rather gingerly, but as I was very tired and weary, the sweetest of all was the permission to lay down and rest, all elements of pride were swallowed in this great desire to sleep.

After climbing two fences, stepping in a number of soft places, groping around in the dark for rickety steps, crushing in my new derby hat on the second floor, I finally located the hay and soon after I burrowed out a most comfortable bed—the most restful I ever had—indeed, the aroma of that bed still lingers with the pleasant recollections of my first night in the Southern States.

While I was enjoying this well-deserved sleep, another event was transpiring in the immediate vicinity of my lodgings. Mr. Spriggs was the owner of a gentle cow which in addition to this also tendered her owner an increase to the barnyard family during this eventful night, and about 6 o'clock in the morning a juvenile darkey discovered this important fact and with all the power of his lusty lungs announced it in a way that the entire family could hear. I also was aroused from my pleasant dreams and looked with considerable interest at the rush of the various members of the family to the scene of Brindle's latest achievement.

While the family was noting the new arrival and discussing its sex, color, quality and general points of excellence, I from my lofty quarter reminded them that I had also come. Mr. Spriggs then remembered that during the night some one had requested a night's rest. He promptly climbed up the steps to see what sort of an individual I was. Well! if you can imagine a look of consternation and surprise on a person's face, just picture his. It must be understood that I had just come out of a "new band box," to use a common expression. My long, new Prince Albert coat fairly dazzled him. My hat was the very newest, white collar and cuffs uncracked and untarnished (celluloid), a bran new satchel; in fact I looked fairly resplendent in all the newness of a girl graduate. Mr. Spriggs did not at this time know I was what the world calls a "Mormon" and of course felt very chagrined to think he had refused a preacher of the Gospel admission to his house. The idea was indeed most distressing and he was most pronounced in his regrets that he had been forced to refuse me room ("owing," as he said, "to the fact that he had no spare room," etc., etc. Would I come in to breakfast.

He was very sorry that it had been necessary for me to have to sleep in the barn.

It is needless to say I accepted his invitation to have breakfast and I accompanied him to the house amid the silent and awed respect



of the entire household. And I was provided with a clean towel, the best china wash bowl, the best perfumed soap and finally a choice position at the head of the table and requested to "say grace." During the course of breakfast the subject came up of what denomination I represented, and when it was learned that I was a "Mormon" a second great sur-

prise was sprung; but be it said to the credit of Mr. Spriggs and family, while there was a perceptible coolness established during the balance of my visit, only about an hour, I was treated with the utmost deference by the entire family.

Thus did I spend my first night in the Southern States mission. *D. P. Felt.*



## MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

### THE POWER OF FAITH—THE CURSE BEING REMOVED.

**A**MONG the few Australian Saints visited by myself and Elder John B. Mathias in a trip to Goulburn, New South Wales, in May, 1899, was Sister — Cragun, of that place, who had been baptized by Elders W. G. Parks and Alma Hubbard, a little over a year previously. Sister Cragun was originally from New Zealand. Her mother was a full-blood Maori, her father a Scotchman and a veteran of the Battle of Waterloo. She is a bright and unusually intellectual woman, in many ways; yet her native simplicity shows she has inherited many of the characteristics of her mother. Particularly as to her complexion, she took after the Maori people, being nearly as dark as a full-blood Lamanite. She took to the faith of the Gospel most naturally and devotedly. Such was the penetration with which she was inspired at the very first visit of an Elder at her door, that although prevented at the time from even getting a sight of him, her heart seemed to be touched by the very knock on the door, and the voice of that Elder still rings in her ears. The tract he left was about to be destroyed when she grasped it as something of priceless value, looked it over at the first opportunity, and waited and watched for the Elder's return.

From that time it required no persuasion or urging to get her to read our literature or listen to explanations of our principles. She read the Book of Mormon with great devotedness; and although her nearest friends all but repudiated her and the most influential people of the community, including the postmaster of the city, endeavored most assiduously to dissuade her from having anything to do with the "deluded Mormons" or their "Golden Bible," it had no weight upon her mind whatever. She seems to be blessed with most implicit faith, and we were delighted to hear her narrate how many and wonderful were the direct answers to prayer she had received. Among other things, she had seen some very remarkable visions relating to the history and sacred places of our people and the glorious rewards of the righteous.

But the most remarkable thing to our minds was that a miracle was being wrought upon her, for we were struck with the fact that Sister Cragun's skin and flesh were being renewed. This had begun immediately after her baptism. We noticed that a considerable portion of her face was already as white and the flesh apparently as soft and beautiful as that of an infant child. The skin of her hands had gradually peeled off and had been renewed deep down into the flesh, so that

they had altogether changed from the brown, unbecoming complexion and rather rough appearance they had had before, to a skin and flesh of both softness and beauty. Her face, to the extent of about one-fourth to one-third of its surface, had been likewise renewed. The change seemed to have gone on in a singularly regular way, beginning, as to the face, at the mouth and following regular lines which were being gradually extended. She informed us that she was something about one-third renewed over her body. I promised her as a servant of God that she should live to see the power of God work a wonderful renovation and regeneration upon her until she should, as to these particulars, look more beautiful than she did in childhood. I told her that it was through her faith, and was a fulfillment of the words of the prophets, contained in the Book of Mormon, concerning her people, that they should

«become a white and a delightsome people.\*» She is now about fifty years of age. When I again saw her, sometime after I found she was becoming more and more white; and when, in March, 1901, I met Elder Mathias, just then returned from Australia, I was gratified to learn that he had but recently visited Sister Cragun, and that the miraculous renovation of her whole system is still progressing, so that she looks as if she would soon be fully white.

*F. E. Barker.*

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\*And the Gospel of Jesus Christ shall be declared among them \* \* \* and then shall they rejoice; for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; and their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes; and many generations shall not pass away among them save they shall be a white and delightsome people. (II Nephi 30: 5, 6.)



## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

**D**O the «Lost Tribes» comprise ten only or more than ten of the tribes of Israel?

This question has been submitted with reference to Sunday School Leaflet No. 195, in which the «Lost Tribes» are spoken of as the original tribes. As is generally understood, during the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon the Israelites existed as a united kingdom. After the death of Solomon (about 975 B. C.) the tribe of Judah and part of the tribe of Benjamin accepted as their king Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, while the rest of the people, usually spoken of as the ten tribes, though really comprising ten tribes in addition to part of the tribe of Benjamin, chose Jeroboam as their ruler. Rehoboam and his subjects were known as

the Kingdom of Judah and Jeroboam retained for his people the title of Kingdom of Israel. In the division of the territory secured by the two kingdoms, the northern part of the land belonging to the tribe of Benjamin, including the cities Bethel, Ramah and Jericho, fell to Jeroboam; while the southern portion of this tribe's possessions went with Judah to Rehoboam. (See I Kings 12: 29; 15: 17, 21; 16: 34). It is thus seen that the Kingdom of Israel, which after the Assyrian captivity (721 B. C.) came to be known as the Lost Tribes, comprised ten tribes in addition to a portion of Benjamin. This explains the common reference to these tribes as including ten and a half of the original tribes.



A correspondent says: Will you kindly give

an explanation upon Matthew 9: 16, 17, wherein the Savior says:

No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment, for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse. Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved.

It is somewhat difficult to understand from what appears in Matthew what led our



ANCIENT BOTTLES.

Redeemer to make the remarks about new wine and old bottles which that Apostle re-

cords. But the writings of the Prophet Joseph Smith make it quite plain. He tells us that this parable was preceded by the following conversation between Christ and the Pharisees:

Then said the Pharisees unto him, Why will ye not receive us with our baptism, seeing we keep the whole law?

But Jesus said unto them, Ye keep not the law. If ye had kept the law, ye would have received me, for I am he who gave the law.

I receive not you with your baptism, because it profiteth you nothing.

For when that which is new is come, the old is ready to be put away.

But why should not new wine be put into old bottles? For the simple reason that in those days bottles were generally made of leather or the skins of animals, which in time wore out. Consequently when a man had new wine which he wanted to keep, he put it into a new bottle and the wine and the bottle grew old together. He did not put the new wine into the half worn bottle for fear it would rend the bottle and run out and be lost.



## A GLORIOUS TRIUMPH.

IN MEMORY OF PRESIDENT GEORGE Q. CANNON.

O, Zion, lift thy face unto thy God !  
In meek submission bear the chastening rod  
Which on thy shoulders heavily doth fall;  
Not with vain tears from sad and mournful eyes,  
But let thy fervent, suppliant prayers arise!  
It is not thine to choose when God shall call.

So long and well this mighty one had served,  
Nor from the line of duty ever swerved,  
'Tis meet that from his labors he should rest.  
And thou, O Zion, doest well to trust  
His God and thine, as being kind and just,  
Wise, powerful, to know and do the best!

No abler advocate in latter days  
More plainly taught God's purposes and ways,  
Than he whose spirit passeth now above,  
Into the councils of the Prophets there—

Their forces strengthening, their works to share,  
In broader lines, in perfect light and love.

He who so grandly spoke for others gone,  
For him today the quivering breath is drawn;  
And small our offerings seem when all is done.  
Yet oh, remember him as brave and strong,  
How his bright words have cheered the Saints  
along.

And count this day a glorious victory won!

A glorious triumph for the great, pure soul,  
True as the magnet to its center pole—  
So was he true and faithful to his God.

May his loved household prove as true to him,  
His name ne'er tarnish nor its luster dim,  
But nobly follow where his feet have trod.

*Lula.*



# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAY 15, 1901.

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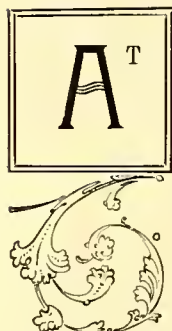
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George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent  
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

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## REORGANIZED.



the regular meeting of the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union, held on May 9, 1901, on motion of President Joseph F. Smith, President Lorenzo Snow was unanimously chosen a member of the Board. On his accepting this position, President Smith moved that President Lorenzo Snow be the general superintendent of the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-days. This motion received a number of seconds and was unanimously carried. The President then made a pleasant little speech of acceptance, after which Elders George Reynolds and Joseph Marion Tanner were respectively sustained by unanimous vote as first and second assistant general superintendents.

This action by the Board was rendered necessary by the demise of the late general superintendent, President George Q. Cannon, and the first assistant general superintendent, Dr. Karl G. Maeser.

President Snow was then unanimously chosen as editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, with Elders Reynolds and Tanner as assistant editors, and Sister L. L. G. Richards as editress of its «Little Folks» department.

sen as editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, with Elders Reynolds and Tanner as assistant editors, and Sister L. L. G. Richards as editress of its «Little Folks» department.

## RECORD DAY—MINUTES.

In a circular lately issued under the direction of the presiding authorities of the Church, the following statement is made:

At a meeting of the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles, held in Salt Lake City, January 24, 1901, it was decided to establish in the Church what shall hereafter be known as Record Day. This means that once a year, in every stake of Zion and in every ward of the Church, all the records belonging to the organizations in such stakes or wards, shall be brought to appointed places to be audited and inspected by such stake and ward officers as may be present for that purpose. In the case of a Stake Record day, the records of all stake organizations should be brought in for inspection; this will also include the records of the High Priests' and the Elders' quorums within the limits of the stake. In the case of a Ward Record day, the general records of the ward, together with those of the Lesser Priesthood and of the auxiliary organizations, such as Relief Societies, Sunday Schools, Y. M. M. I. A., and Y. L. M. I. A., and Primary Associations and Religion Classes should be brought forward and submitted to the inspection of the Ward Bishopric and such members of the Stake Presidency as may be in attendance. In order to save time and expense it was also decided in the above-named meeting that this Record day might be appointed on the same dates as the respective stake and ward conferences are held.

Record-keeping has been enjoined upon the Saints by divine command from the very beginning, and its disobedience has often brought about the most unpleasant and embarrassing results. With the commencement of the new century, improved methods have been recommended throughout the Church, and it is fondly antici-

pated that no historian, clerk or recorder who is now in office, or who may hereafter be appointed will neglect the sacred trust imposed upon him in making true and complete records.

We trust that, in accordance with the above recommendations, the stake and ward superintendents will give the attention desired to this matter, and that the secretaries will find pleasure in having their records neat, clean, legibly written and up-to-date.

As most of our readers are aware, the Deseret Sunday School Union Board lately published a «Jubilee History» of our Sunday Schools. In preparing that history it was found that there was a great lack of information which should have been supplied from our Sunday School stake and ward records. The members of the Board much desire a change in this direction; they hope to have, as near as possible, a perfect record kept of the next fifty years, that those who may succeed us, who may write the history of the events that are now occurring in our Sunday School work, may not find that we have been negligent in our duty in not preserving the records that we ought to keep. There are two ideas that should be kept in mind in taking minutes in a Sunday School. One is the information that will be necessary for the following session of the school; that when those minutes are read before the school those present will know what was done at the previous session—what lessons were learned or were taught, and what else was done: that the teachers also may know what they should do that the labors of the two days may harmonize in the lessons and everything else pertaining to the school. Then these minutes will be recorded and perhaps twenty or even a hundred years hence they will be read with an interest equal to that with which we would today read the minutes of the first Sunday School that was held in these mountains, if we had them. Therefore minutes should be written so fully and so correctly that there can be no mistake about them.

There is a habit that some of our Sunday

School secretaries have in putting down the names, that should be avoided. For instance, if it is the superintendent, they write: «The school was presided over by Superintendent Smith.» Now there may be many superintendents of this or of any other name, and in a few years to come it will not be known what particular Superintendent Smith it was that presided over that school, if one has to depend on these minutes for the information. All names should be written in full, and not simply with the initials, that no mistake may be made. Then in the statistics, the minutes of every session of the school should show the number who were present, the number of male and female officers and teachers, the number of male pupils and the number of female pupils; and not only this, but it is good to preserve the names of the visitors, and to state if they occupy any particular position, as Bishop or President, because it is the feeling of all that they are glad to have visitors come to their Sunday School, and it shows what encouragement is given to the school by others who are not members. In the account of what is talked about the secretary often inserts that Brother So and So «prayed the Lord to bless the school,» or «felt well in being present,» and that is nearly all that is recorded. It should go without saying that that is always understood. But it should be written that the brother spoke on the «Word of Wisdom,» «the benefit of the Sunday School work,» etc., and leave it in that form, that those who read the minutes may see what was in the speaker's mind.

We will suppose that these minutes have been written and are being presented at the next session of the Sunday School. Enough notice should be taken of them that if there is anything left out that is essential, it should be inserted; and having been presented, the next question is the recording. They should be preserved in a well-bound book. Sometimes it happens that the superintendent or some member of the school buys a book and has the minutes recorded in it. He then

keeps it at home, as though it was his private property. The minute book should always be the property of the Sunday School. In it should be written, "This is property of ..... Sunday School;" and such records should be purchased with the means of the Sunday School, that no individual can rightly claim it. It has been found in the course of gathering up the Sunday School history that many records have been lost; many have been laid aside and forgotten, and no one knows where they are. If any know of such records, let them have them

placed where they can be handed down from one officer to another.



### POSTPONEMENTS.

The times of holding the annual Sunday School Conferences of the following stakes have been postponed to the dates herewith placed after their respective names:

Millard, to Saturday and Sunday,	June 15 and 16
Nebo,	July 27 and 28
Utah,	Aug. 17 and 18
Cache,	Sept. 14 and 15
Bannock, (2nd District)	Sept. 14 and 15



### SUNDAY SCHOOL SINGING.

THIS matter should be considered in a far deeper sense than merely having good singing in the individual sessions of the Sabbath Schools, although even this has within it much of the success and practical results of this great work. A school without good, beautiful singing is too dead to bear all the good results that should be had from this meeting together of the youth—the future hope and strength of any community. And in spite of all that good, earnest teachers and superintendents can do, without the good singing that tunes the young minds to their exalted studies, the Sunday School becomes like a farm whereupon the farmer puts much hard, earnest labor, but fails to water it properly, or to plow and harrow well. These being poorly or indifferently done, all his other work makes only a partial success.

To get results, something more than the mere rut or rounds of meetings, and readings, and singing, somehow or something, is needed. It may sound egotistical coming from a musician, but I dare to say it, and believe you will upon consideration agree with me: Show me a Sunday School where the singing is good, and to the point, and I

will show you a live, progressive school; and mark you the future course of its young students, and you will find springing up out of that school many who will reflect credit upon it when they are grown.

I will say here the same of a ward and its choir. But it is certainly past the time when the benefits of good singing in a religious or social capacity need to be urged upon our people. But let me repeat here that the mere aim of having good, bright practical singing to enliven and make effective the work of a Sunday School is the smallest of its importance. Then you may ask, what do you consider of greatest importance? I answer, the consideration of the following: What do you, you parents, you superintendents and you teachers, desire these young souls entrusted to your care to be, that music properly trained into them can help make them? Those restless little boys, they will soon be men. Are you willing that they should be music deaf? Do you want them to be called on missions to open their meetings before scoffing strangers with their first ridiculous attempt at singing a hymn, or do you wish them to use this soothing heavenly gift, and next to earnest, heartfelt



prayer the most effective means of impressing both singers and hearers with that spirit that benefits and impresses? Do you want their social life to be without this refining element incorporated into it? If they are musically inclined, as nine out of every ten of the young of this community are, do you want its influence to lead them into bad or indifferent ways and habits? For music if improperly directed, is as alluring to lead into error as it otherwise is into good. Of course I well know that there is not a person so dead to the welfare of the young in this community as to wish either of these undesirable conditions. But I fear there are thousands who have not yet awakened to a full realization of the importance of acting in a way to avoid them. For even today it is the rule rather than an exception that our young missionaries are totally inexperienced in singing, and notwithstanding much that has been said by brethren who have realized the lack and its inconveniences, as well as the great benefit the ability to sing has been to those capable of it, but little is done or aimed at to bring up our boys to sing. Singing of the better and elevating sort is but little cultivated among the masses of our young people even today. We are sadly deficient in taste and judgment in connection with songs. «Coon songs», and the soft, silly, sentimental songs, so entirely deficient in thought or poesy, figure prominently on our almost nightly programs. Music is made use of to express a host of sentiments entirely unworthy of the good sense of our young people, to say nothing of teaching incorrect doctrines, religiously and morally. And these so figure in our entertainments that they lower the standard of even the best and most sacred things, being indiscriminately mixed with them. This should be all changed by the gentle, correct censorship that the Sabbath School training should wield over us. To be brief, correct musical training should come under the auspices of the Sabbath Schools and our Church educational institutions. The

musical talents and training should never pass entirely out of some branch or other of our Church organizations' training. Classes should begin under the auspices of either the primary association or the Sabbath School. Then when old enough the members should graduate into the young men's and young women's classes, and from these into the ward and tabernacle choirs. Do you not see if this were done how the evils I have mentioned would be naturally cured? What boy old enough to go on a mission would be ignorant of our beautiful hymns or their tunes, if he were brought into such a religious musical atmosphere? Surely in such a systematic course of learning they would be taught to earnestly mean what they sing. And there would be less musical levity than we now find. They would learn that singing a sentiment would be simply a superior way of telling it, and that they should never sing or speak a sentiment they did not mean or believe in. May I call your attention to the social benefits of such training. Have you as a rule found young men who associate themselves with choirs or singing societies, uncouth, unruly, or manifesting anything that approached hoodlumism? Have you not generally found them useful, well behaved, solid young men, who were well prepared for serious, useful, social or religious work when called to it.

«But,» I hear some of you say, «We haven't a Brother Stephens in our stake.» It gives me more pleasure than I can tell you to answer that remark by telling you that others are proving that they can also successfully emulate Brother Stephens in this. Brother Ballantyne, a young man with his heart in the work, is making a success of similar work with four hundred Sunday School children in the Weber Stake, and another young man, one of my own very dear choir boys, Einar Christopherson, is fairly making Sanpete Stake ring with musical progress by the aid and co-operation of the authorities down there. It was not long ago that Utah Stake

was doing much co-operative musical work under Brother Henry Giles. There is Brother Bassett also, in Nephi; Brother Jones in Richfield, and many others less known to me.

You say, «We have no one specially trained or who has had a college education or foreign training.» Brother Horace S. Ensign is entirely home- and mostly class-trained, and I am proud to say that he most ably conducted the largest choir in the community during ten months of my absence, and that he was the choice of the First Presidency in preference to all our highly trained musicians. Brother Christopherson is another of the graduates of such classes as I here advocate. Hence I think that you need not wait for specially trained, eminent musicians before you begin this work, but do select earnest, progressive men, men who are alive to the work, and they will grow up with your needs. Do not misconstrue my remarks as against those who have sought learning

abroad or at home in the institutions of learning. All honor to them if they adapt themselves to the local needs of the community. But insist that they be practical builders up of the «community musical» on lines consistent with our own religious tendencies, necessities, nay, demands, rather than mere imitators of what surrounded them while abroad and, above all do not wait for these to come among you, or belittle the home article, pure and simple.

Again I say select those that have the spark of success apparent in them. Aid them in every way; aid them to improve themselves on the lines in which we need their services. Let our Church schools give a special course in training choir leaders and organists into veritable, practical organizers and teachers of classes. Do not let us waste eternity in talking about it. But let us be up and doing.

*Evan Stephens.*



### A LADY'S MISTAKE.

SOME few years ago a French nobleman was walking along one of the principal streets in the business part of the city of Moscow, Russia, with his wife, whose dress, according the then prevailing fashion, was trailing at some length behind her. A soldier who was hurrying on his way to duty as night guard was unfortunate enough to step on it and tear it considerably. The soldier hastened to make an apology which, however, was not accepted. The lady called a policeman who was close by and had the offender placed under arrest. All his excuses and explanations were entirely futile, the irate lady positively telling him, that unless he paid her right then and there two hundred roubles damages, (which was im-

possible for him to do) he should be brought before a court of justice, and be made to suffer the penalty of his carelessness.

On coming into court the judge asked the soldier what he had to say for himself, and whether he plead guilty or not to the charge. «I am guilty as charged,» said the prisoner, «but the offense was unintentional. My mother is sick, and there is no one but I to look after her. I was trying to make things as comfortable for her as I could before I left for duty. This made me rather late, and all I thought about was to get there in time. It is impossible for me to pay the damages demanded by the lady.»

The judge on hearing the evidence in the case, tried to expostulate with the plaintiff,

showing her that if she was not willing to withdraw her charge the only thing the court could do, was to sentence the defendant to imprisonment, the result of which would be that his mother would be deprived of her only maintenance, and he would get into trouble with the military authorities, all of which would be no benefit to her.

"I demand," said the lady in an angry tone, "that the court do its duty."

As she said this, a gentleman who was in the court room, stepped forward, and, addressing the court, asked whether it would be acceptable if he paid the fine for the soldier. To this inquiry the court replied in the affirmative. The gentleman then handed the prisoner the two hundred roubles, and while doing so whispered something in his ear. The soldier then handed the amount to the plaintiff, asking her at the same time if she was satisfied, to which she replied that she was. With a bright smile on her face she then arose and started to leave, but was stopped by the soldier, who told her to wait a little as the dress was now his, as he had paid for it, and he wanted it.

"Do you think I am going to undress here, and walk through the streets half-naked? No, indeed! I shall send you the dress as soon as I get home," said the lady, and with a defiant mien she again started to go out.

"No, madam, thank you," said the soldier, "I want the dress at once, and I ask the judge

whether I have not a right to take the property which I have paid for, whenever I desire?"

"Certainly, you have," said the judge; at the same time he told two of the police officers who were present to assist the lady in removing her dress if she needed assistance and to see that she did not leave the court room until she had done so, or, in some manner had made satisfaction to the soldier.

This unexpected turn in the proceedings set the lady thinking, and instead of a look of pleasure, and defiance, one of distress, and sorrow overspread her face. Not seeing any other way out of the difficulties she offered the soldier his money back. This he positively refused to take demanding the dress. With tears in her eyes she now asked him what was the least amount in money he would take for it.

"Not less than two thousand roubles," was his reply.

"I suppose that is the only way it can be settled," said the lady's husband, who now, for the first time, during the proceedings, opened his mouth. He then took his purse from his pocket and handed the soldier one thousand roubles in money and wrote out a bank check for the other thousand. After which the gentleman and his wife left the judgment chamber, very much crest-fallen, realizing that a poor man's rights had to be respected in Russia, even by the rich.

*John Thorgeirson.*



## THE ECONOMIC ASPECT OF LUXURY.

*By Prof. J. H. Paul, President of the Latter Day Saints' College.*

### I.—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

**A**N article of luxury is one that is superfluous and also costly; an article that satisfies a purely artificial want, while it has cost many days' labor to produce it.

"I understand by luxury," says Laveleye, in his work upon this subject, "anything which does not answer to our primary needs, and which, since it costs much money to buy, and consequently much labor to produce, is only within reach of the few."



The definition given to luxury by M. de Keratry is "that which creates imaginary needs, exaggerates real wants, diverts them from their true end, establishes a habit of prodigality in society, and offers through the senses a satisfaction of self-love which puffs up, but does not nourish, the heart, and which presents to others the picture of a happiness they can never attain."

If these definitions correctly describe what luxury is, then all that needs to be done is to define luxury in order to condemn it; for no one could rationally maintain that to be good, the very definition of which makes it an evil.

Luxury has been defended on economic grounds as a necessary good, while it has been denounced by ancient philosophers and Christian moralists as an unmitigated source of evil. Modern economists unite in condemning luxury as a fruitless dissipation of the energies of nations; and this article will maintain that luxury is not alone a moral evil, but that it is also an economic evil; not only a crime against society, but a blunder also, for which no justification whatever is to be found in its results, and almost none in its causes. An attempt will be made to justify the severe condemnation of luxury by Goldsmith, who, comparing the excesses of the wealthy with the simple joys of a frugal peasantry, exclaimed:

O luxury! thou cursed by heaven's decree,  
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!  
How do thy potions with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Three sentiments give rise to the vice of luxury; namely, sensuality, vanity, and the taste for the beautiful. The first two of these sentiments are vicious in their nature; the third may be a virtue.

Sensuality has some limits; a man cannot eat and drink beyond a certain amount. Vanity knows no limit and is the most fruitful source of the sin of luxury. The taste for the beautiful has given us the fine arts, and is not therefore an evil in itself.

Vanity caused the men of a century ago

to wear clothing of brilliant colors, with laces, ruffles, wigs, powdered hair, ribbons and jewels; and causes the extravagant and humored woman of today to pierce her ears, as savages do, and to wear a necklace of pearls or rings and jewels, in order to excite the envy of rivals and of people less wealthy.

Sensuality crowds the menus of hotels and banquets today, till the tables of kings can add nothing to them. "How much more savory, how much more charming," writes Laveleye, "those little dinners where they made merry over some fine, old, home-made wine, some choice dish carefully prepared, a masterpiece of culinary art, which was appreciated at its full value by the unspoiled appetite of the guests \* \* \* Whither is it departed, the sparkling gayety of our fathers? Luxury and the pursuit of millions have destroyed it altogether."

The taste for the beautiful is in itself one of the natural and elevating sentiments that should belong to all people. It gives rise to the arts of painting, sculpture, decoration, etc. But the mere display of fine dresses is not art. "Art," says Baudrillart, "has for its aim the realization of the ideal of beauty, or again, the reproduction of certain forms. Luxury has but one object: to make a display. The object of art is essentially disinterested; that of luxury essentially selfish." To the devotee of luxury, the beautiful means nothing but what glitters. Shakespeare says: "All that glitters is not gold." Neither is it art or beauty, but merely, as a rule, something to be bought by the yard or pound.

The caprices of fashion and the desire for change constitute another set of conditions that give rise to luxury. Fashion discards, as useless, articles that are still in good condition, because the fashions, especially among women, change every spring. "Thus," says J. B. Say, "the rapid changes of fashion impoverish a state both by what they consume and by what they do not consume." This loss of wealth is accompanied also by a loss

of time, for persons who observe the fashions must constantly spend much valuable time upon their clothes—a petty occupation for any person, and one that will tend to render the mind incapable of great things. And if any one really sets for himself the impossible task of satisfying his desires for articles of fashion and luxury, he has attempted to accomplish what is clearly impossible. Many wants that have to be satisfied have no existence save in the imagination of the devotee of pleasure. «Every refinement of delight permits of still further refining, and another must always be ready when the last has ceased to charm. What priceless value comes to be attached to shades of difference undiscoverable by any but experts! The heavy price paid for such things enhances the enjoyment of them, since it adds to their intrinsic charm the piquancy of a difficulty overcome.» (Baudrillart.)

It is not possible to satisfy desire by increased gratification of it. The desires grow by what they feed upon, and the more they are indulged, the more fuel is thrown upon the flame of the passion, whatever it may be. Regulation according to reason, restraint, and self-denial, are the means of self-mastery in this field. Thomas Carlyle states the fact in this way:

Will the whole finance-ministers and upholsterers and confectioners of Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one shoe-black happy? They cannot accomplish it above an hour or two; for the shoe-black also has a soul, quite other than his stomach, and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction, and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less: *God's infinite universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it arose. Try him with half a universe, half of an omnipotence, he sets to quarreling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot on our sunshine; it is, even as I said, the shadow of ourselves.

The French preacher Bossuet said:

Why will you turn your very necessities into vanity? You must have a house to protect you from the air which might injure you; but this is your weakness. You need nourishment to repair your forces, which waste and consume every moment; another weakness. You need a bed to lie on when you are tired, where you may seek the slumber which swathes and enfolds your reason; another deplorable weakness. And all these needs, which are but witnesses and proofs of your miserable weakness, you turn into means of displaying your vanity, as if you would exult in the very infirmities which compass you on every side.

Yet there are those who think it indicates their greatness to show how much it takes to feed them, how much it takes to clothe them, how much it takes to house them and how much it takes to supply their other bodily and material wants.

To satisfy a man's real needs, very little is sufficient; to satisfy his imaginary wants, the whole world is insufficient. Æsop placed before his guests a dish consisting of the tongues of parrots which had learned to speak. Hortensius would water his trees with wine. Cleopatra dissolved a pearl in vinegar and then swallowed the priceless draught. Mankind almost everywhere, wastes a large portion of its time in manufacturing useless objects, while many men and women still lack food, clothing and shelter.

The consumption in drink of that worse than useless beverage, alcohol, is a form of luxury or vice that causes more misery and wretchedness, perhaps, than any other of the many absurd forms of wasting the wealth of the individual and the community. Temperance reformers have shown that it has cost this country in ten years a direct expenditure estimated at one billion five hundred million dollars—a sum roughly equal to all the gold, silver and green-back money in this great country. It has sent one hundred thousand infants to the asylums; it has brought one hundred and thirty-eight thousand persons to the prison or to the work-house; it has led to ten thousand suicides,

and has made two hundred thousand widows and one million orphans.

It has been computed that the money which the working classes spend for alcohol, taken as a whole, would in twenty years purchase every factory in which they work. And when the laborers have once become capitalists to the extent of being their own employers the so-called conflict between labor and capital will be at an end.

Aristotle thought inequality to be the basis of luxury, as it is of social discontent and revolutions. His remedy was to let even the poorest have a little inheritance. When the head of every family owns a little land, a house, some stocks, or some bonds, there will be no danger of social revolutions. The laboring people should be taught in the schools the practice of thrift. "Waste not, want not." The rich should be shown the virtue of self-denial and the crime of luxurious spending; taught to practice daily some kind of useful work, to admire the fields and the country, to love simplicity of life, and to use their wealth in works of public usefulness, as many wealthy benefactors of our race have done and are doing.

It seems, too, that the rush to cities and the desertion of rural districts have a strong tendency to a luxurious life. Rosseau says that towns are hotbeds of luxury and corruption. "It is there that men's wants are over-excited by a thousand stimulants, it is there that are crowded together all those species of delights which do not wait upon desire but call it forth. There all the vanities and all the vices spread in contagious competition. The art of frivolity settles on the ruins of the useful arts, nay, the very necessary arts, which serve the needs of all, are choked out of existence by this flux of superfluities which are serviceable only to the few."

Great men of the past and the present have usually been men of simple tastes, and free from luxurious habits. In those cases in which this is not true, the fact is usually

mentioned as a blemish and condoned as one of the weaknesses to which flesh is heir, and is never paraded as a virtue by any of their biographers.

The wisest and greatest of the Brahmans of India attained through self-denial an elevation over their own countrymen, and even reached a height of philosophical speculation barely surpassed in our own civilization; yet they did so without the aid of any of those superfluities of table, dress, and social recreation, which today many people regard as absolutely essential to good living.

The simple tastes of great men are frequently the wonder of our youth, who seem to feel that simplicity and frugality are out of their customary sphere when exhibited by the great; as if it were an unusual relation and an extraordinary fact, when greatness is without ostentation; whereas, greatness and simplicity usually go together; and the exception is to find true greatness apart from simplicity, whether of speech, manner, dress, or living.

The maxims of almost any of our great men are sufficiently indicative of this fact. Consider a few of those of Franklin; he says,

Be economical, \* \* \* and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet, and thy crown. \* \* \* Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire. He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing. \* \* \* Alas! think well what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time you will be ashamed to see your creditor. Lying rides upon debt's back. \* \* \* Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. An empty bag cannot stand upright.

It is luxury that begets prodigality, and this, in turn brings poverty. The present article will aim to justify on economic grounds, the apparently spontaneous judgment of great men who have condemned luxury on the more general principles of religion and morality.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





# FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

## THE SPARROW'S DEATH.

A PERT little sparrow was swinging to and fro in a leafy tree in the freshening spring breeze. Its brown head bobbed first to one side and then to the other, and chirp after chirp of happiness burst from the little throat. It hopped about, seeming in the fullness of its joy to be unable to keep still.

The merry tone of the chirp spoke of spring. No more picking in the cold snow for a stray crumb, nor clinging so tightly to the eaves to escape the chilling wind. Oh, no, all this was over, and why shouldn't he be joyous?

At the first peep of day no doubt his bright little eyes had opened and he had quickly flown to the nearest stream to take his morning wash; then with a "chirp, chirp" to his mate he had gone to find a juicy worm. How he loved the beautiful world, so green now. It hardly seemed possible to him that it could ever be cold again.

Feelings something like this we imagine surged through the tiny body, and it couldn't help bobbing and nodding with happiness.

A boy had been watching the little fellow flitting among the branches, only wishing for him to "settle down a moment." At last our sparrow did rest for a second, and then we found out the purpose of the boy's watching. He quickly pulled the elastic of a flipper to its utmost, a stone went singing through the air and into the tree before a remonstrance could be uttered.

How we wished it would miss its aim. But, alas, the sparrow quivered a moment, then spread its wings as if to fly, but fluttered to the ground instead. The stone had struck the gray breast, the happy chirp was hushed, the little fellow lay dying.

The bright eyes opened wide for an instant as if to take one last look at the lovely world, then they slowly closed again. The naked feet curled closer and closer to the blood-stained breast, until at last all was still. Ah, somewhere a little mother sparrow was mateless!

The boy walked on, whistling, looking for another victim, without apparently a feeling of remorse at the sight of the dead bird. To us who witnessed the fall of the sparrow the sun had lost some of its brightness, and the trees seemed suddenly silent.

The words of Jesus at once sprang to our lips, that not even a sparrow falls to the ground, but our Heavenly Father notes it. Could these words but be impressed on the hearts of the thoughtless boys, they surely would cease from wantonly taking so many happy, harmless lives. The little birds do their part to make the world more cheery.

B.



## THE BABY IN THE WATER.

LITTLE Franchine had been playing about in the grass and bushes where her mother was spreading clothes to bleach and dry.

All at once the mother missed her child, and looked carefully about without seeing

her anywhere. «Franchine! Fran! O Fran!» called the mother. Then she heard Franchine laughing and calling out, «Come up here! Come and play with me, won't you?»

The mother was much frightened, for the

sound of her child's voice came from the edge of the water, and she felt that her little one was in great danger of being drowned. She took her bucket and hurried down to the water, where she knew her child must be,



«THE BABY IN THE WATER.»



calling as she went, «Fran! O Fran, come to mother!»

Franchine ran to meet her mother, and told her there was «a baby in the water! It won't come out to play with me,» said the little girl. «But it laughs when I laugh and jumps when I jump. And when I turned to run to you, the baby turned and ran away too.»

The mother laughed as she listened to her child. «Now you see,» said Franchine, as they walked on some planks close to the edge of the water. «See the baby!»

Franchine clung to her mother's hand and looked cautiously over into the water; then she cried out, «Oh, mama, the baby's mother has come too; look, look!»

Sure enough, there was a baby's smiling face in the water, and above it a woman's face, also smiling and dimpling as the water softly flowed and rippled past them. The two faces were very much alike, as you may see in the picture given here of a young mother and her little daughter. No wonder Franchine said the baby's mother had come too, when she saw them both.

«Come out! Come up here baby, won't you?» called out Franchine.

«No, Franchine,» said her mother, «they will not come out, but they will go away when we do. Do you know who they are and where they came from.»

«Oh no, mama! Who are they?» cried the little girl.

«Who do you see in the mirror when you look into it?» asked the mother.

«Why, little Franchine!» answered the child.

«Yes,» said the mother, «you see little Franchine's picture in the mirror, and you see the same picture in the water. And mama's picture is there too, isn't it?»

«Yes, yes!» cried Franchine, laughing and dancing with delight, until her mother pulled her away from the water and said to her, «Now, my darling baby, you see it is only your picture in the water, but if you should fall into it, you would find it deep and cold, and you might drown; then mama would have no little Franchine. You must not come here again alone, will you?»

Franchine promised her mother that she would not go down to the water by herself again, to play with the baby, and I do hope she will remember and keep her promise.

*Lula.*



#### A FAIR QUESTION.

I should like to ask you,  
What you think you would do,  
If you were a child with straight hair;  
And the wind spoiled your curls,  
When you played with the girls;  
The curls that were fixed with great care?

With my head full of tins,  
I seem sleeping on pins;  
I have the most horrible dreams;  
I see nothing but hair  
Springing up everywhere,  
And all in a frizzle it seems.

I am sure I don't see,  
How it happens to be  
That curly haired girls are the style;  
There are lots more than me.  
With hair straight as can be.  
Why can't we be "fashion" awhile?

BERTHA INEZ FERRIS.

New Town, Ham Co., Ohio.



#### TO THE LETTER-BOX.

Religion Classes.

CEDAR CITY.

Every Wednesday afternoon here, after



school closes, we hold a Religion class. We have the privilege of praying in our class. We are studying the Ten Commandments now. The first Wednesday in each month we have fast meeting. I am eleven years old, and I like Sunday School, Primary and all our schools.

KATIE DALLEY.



#### An Only Son.

SANTAQUIN, UTAH.

I am the only boy of eleven children. I have nine sisters living and one is dead. I have a pet colt named Kate, and I am nine years old.

ANDREW ALVIN BORGESON.



#### A Far-reaching Prayer.

TUBA CITY, ARIZONA.

Papa takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and I like to read the letters of the little writers. I have got three brothers and two sisters. I go to Sunday School and Primary and every-day school. My Sunday School teacher's name is Hazel. I am eleven years old. I hope the Lord will bless everybody.

VINA BRINKERHOFF.



#### Riding the Pony.

DESERET, UTAH.

I have a pony which I ride nearly every day. Sometimes, I hook him up on the buggy with our other horse, and about every Saturday I go buggy riding. I am ten years old, and I never wrote before.

MARCUS O. KELLEY.



#### Family Matters.

FAYETTE, UTAH.

My father died ten years ago, when I was

fourteen months old. My grandma and uncle are in Provo, and I have an aunt and a cousin in Salt Lake City. My mother keeps a store and the post office, and it is one block from our home to the school house.

Yours truly,

ETTA AGNES PALMER.



#### Plenty of Schooling.

WELLSVILLE, UTAH.

I am nine years old, and I go to Sunday School, Primary, Religion Class and day school. This will make two years I have gone to day school. We lived in Logan last year and I went to the Woodruff school.

Your new friend,

ALTA BENSON OWEN.



#### The Snake River.

ANNIS, IDAHO.

I think it is my duty to write to the Letter-box. We live about a mile from Snake river. It is a very large river and there are lots of fish in it. I am nine years old, and this is the first time I have written to the INSTRUCTOR.

ELNORA O. CASPER.



#### Young Baby Left Motherless.

LAKE TOWN, UTAH.

Having never seen a letter from this settlement in the Letter-box, I thought I would write one. I like to read the letters from my little friends, I go to day school, Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class. I have six sisters and four brothers. Some of them are going to school in Salt Lake City. My mother died nearly three years ago and left my youngest sister a few hours old. My oldest sister

raised her. She is very cute. My papa is fifty-two years old, and I am eight.

ELLA SYLVIA WESTON.



#### About Grandma.

PROVO CITY.

When my grandma was about nine months old her parents died, leaving her and her two brothers orphans. A kind lady and gentleman, who soon after joined the Mormon Church, adopted them, and in 1852 they came to Utah and settled in Provo City, where they resided until their death occurred. My grandma was only a small girl, but she walked nearly all the way from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City. Her adopted parents had a large family of their own, and were very poor, so they had not good chances of education as we enjoy now. All the education they had was what they learned in Sunday School and what they picked up themselves. Grandma was married when she was nineteen years of age, and is the mother of ten children. Remembering how she was raised, she adopted a little baby girl when it was only six weeks old. The child is now a girl of nine years and is a great comfort to grandma.

When my mama was a little girl grandma was taken sick with the typhoid fever, and was sick for six weeks. It being summer time she had her bed by the door where she could see out. One day when grandpa had gone into the field and mama was not in the house, grandma was left quite alone, except the baby which was playing on the floor. Grandma heard the rolling of a carriage; she looked out and saw a white carriage drawn by two white horses. They stopped in front of the house and three persons stepped out of the carriage and came into the house;

there were two men and a lady. The lady stood by the head of the bed and took from her pocket a small bottle which contained oil; this she rubbed upon grandma's head and said, «Be of good cheer and you shall soon be well.» They then left the house. These three persons were grandma's parents and President Brigham Young. Grandma knew President Young before he died, and her adopted parents had told her how her own parents looked, so she is certain that these were the three persons who visited her.

She felt much better, and in a short time she was well.

Although her two brothers have left the Church they have no influence over her, for she never tires of exhorting her children and grand children to be faithful, so that they can claim the blessings of God promised to those who do His will and keep His commandments.

MYRTLE MILLER.



#### Kicked by a Horse.

WILLARD, UTAH.

I know the Gospel is true, and I like to learn about it. My brother and three sisters and myself all go to Sunday School, and our pa and ma go with us. I am nine years old. Last December I was kicked in the forehead by a horse, which left a bad scar on my face.

MORLEY JONES.



#### Geese and Turkeys.

DRAPER, UTAH.

I have been to school two years, and I like school very much. I am eight years old. We raise geese and turkeys. My little sister four years old goes to Sunday School with me.

LEDA SADLER.

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QUARTET FOR LADIES' OR CHILDREN'S VOICES.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor 1, Tenor 2) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of staves. The lyrics are as follows:

Time was when in these mountain vales . . Dread Lone - li - ness bore  
 sway. Ere man a - mid its bar - ren realm . Had pi o - heered his  
 way, No songs of joy the si - lence broke, Nor shouts the ech - o  
 stirred; No children's voic - es raised in praise To God were ev - er heard.

2 But once there came a conquering band—  
 The dauntless pioneers,  
 Whose deeds of valor shall be sung  
 Throughout the coming years.  
 With mighty faith and courage they  
 The barren waste subdued,  
 And turned to fields and gardens fair,  
 The lonesome solitude.

3 From homes afar these wand'ers came,  
 As exiles seeking rest—  
 A place where they might dwell in peace,  
 Where foes could not molest.  
 In making this their choice abode  
 To worship God they sought;  
 And here they founded Sunday Schools  
 Where heavenly truths are taught,

4 That Zion's children might be trained  
 To hold some honored place,  
 And fill the glorious destiny  
 Marked out for Israel's race.  
 Full many years have passed away  
 Since came that pilgrim band,  
 And now a thousand schools are found  
 O'er all this peaceful land.

5 In every village far and near  
 They gather young and old—  
 Ten times ten thousand precious souls  
 Rejoice now in their fold;  
 Ten times ten thousand voices, too,  
 Each Sabbath day proclaim  
 Their gratitude to God, and sing  
 Sweet praises to His name.



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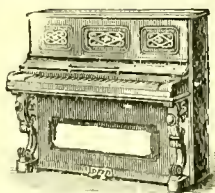
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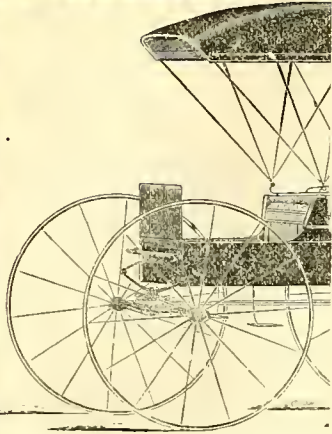
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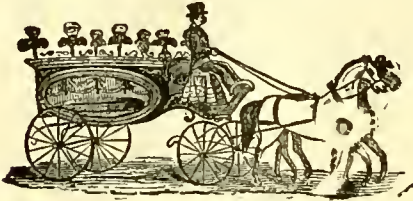
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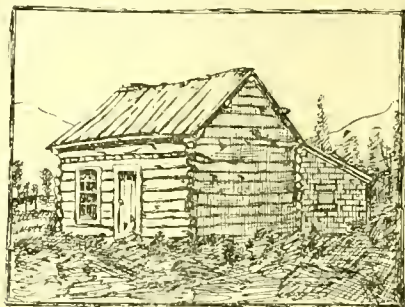
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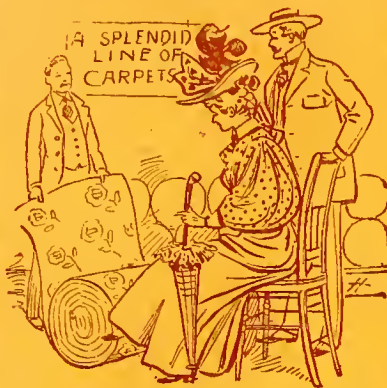
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*Jensons  
mans Wife*

*Patch*

*Girkin*

*7*

*Chester Ch.*

*a Spider*

*7*

*7*

*7*